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THE
PLOT
DISCOVERED:

OR, A
New DISCOURSE,
BETWEEN THE
Devil and the Pope,
AT A LATE CONFERENCE.

Consulting the most Effectual Expedient for Promoting their Joint Interest and Designs in the Present Juncture of Affairs.

With their Instructions concluded upon to be sent to their Emissaries in all Parts, to that Purpose.

*Let all the People in the World admire,
That we are not Consum'd by Sword and Fire!
Since that the Pope, and Devil too, contrives
To Murder King, and's People Sacrifice.*

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The PLOT Discovered :

OR,
A Dialogue between the Pope and the Devil.

The Introduction, or Occasion of the Conference.

HIS Holiness being lately much perplext at the Receipt of a Packet from *Utopia*, intimating that One of his most hopeful Projects, thwarted by Providence, was like to miscarry; forthwith summon'd all the Cardinals to a solemn Conclave, where a Thousand Proposals were made for Retiriving the desperate Game, yet none that seem'd satisfactory; Whereupon Dismissing that Assembly, the holy Father reflecting how famous divers of his Predecessors had been for *Negromancy* and *Conjuring*, sends immediately to the *Vatican* for some choice Volumns of *Magick*, and retiring (when Night-masking Heavens Face made all things appear black in Conformity with his Designs, and no Noise but the Musick of howling VVolves and Schreech-Owls hollows could be heard) to an obscure Corner of *Belvidere* his private Garden, he there with the accustomed Cerimonies, invokes *Lucifer*, Prince of the Fallen Angels, to make his personal Appearance, not doubting but that Subtle degraded Seraphin (knowing it to be their joint Concern) would furnish him with some fresh New-minted Policies, for carrying on his Business in this unexpected Exigency. Scarce had he finished his dreadful Orisons (which he repeated with more Devotion than ever he mumbled out an *High Mass*) when the welcome Monarch of the Infernal Crew appears, usher'd with flashes of Lightning, and thus Accosts him.

Devil. Who thus Imperiously Summons our Presence? We are of late too much Crowded with Employments, both Military and Civil, Ecclesiastick and Secular, to attend every Impertinents pleasure: Speak therefore, and briefly thy Name and Business.

Pope. I am, Dread Prince of Darkness, *Servus Servorum*, the humblest of your Vassals; your Deputy, your *Vice-Roy* on Earth, on whom your Bounty has Conferr'd the *Triple-Crown*, and other marks of Damnable Favour: My business is to Implore your Advice and Directions in certain Affairs, that not a little concern both mine own, and your Interest.

Devil. Who? our Infalible Factor? The Support of our Empire, and Darling of our Hopes? To thee both our Ear and Breast shall be ever open.

Pop. Gracious *Beelzebub*, You oblige me Eternally to serve you; and

as your Assistance heretofore brought Princes to Kiss my Gouty Toes, I cannot in Gratitude refrain from paying the same Devotion to your most Reverend Cloven-Foot.

Devil. Spare your unnecessary Complement, and Acquaint us with the present Posture of Affairs.

Pope. I am all Obedience to your Commands: But must crave leave to state Things *ab Origine* — 'Tis not unknown to your Ghostly Intelligence, what Faithful Votaries my Self and Predecessors for many hundred Years, have been to your Hellish Interest; after your *Delphick* Oracles were struck Dumb, and your Heathen Slaves grown weary of doing your Tormenting Drudgeries. When the Light of the Gospel in its Purity, (which designs the utter Overthrow of your Dark Kingdom) had baffled all your Fury, becoming more Bright by the surrounding Flames of Persecution; so that you were forced for a time, to wave fruitless Rigours, and refer the Conduct of your Affairs to our Mannagement: You may remember, how suddenly by another Path, we Re-establish your Power greater than ever. Our fained Traditions, new invented Doctrines, Canons, Decrees, Decretals, Constitutions, and Pompous Ceremonies, had soon altered the Face of the Church, and rendered it quite different in all Things (but the Name) from the Primitive Simplicity. Our Pardons, Absolutions, Indulgencies for Murdering of Prince and People, permitting of Publick Stews, or Bawdy-Houses; Our Doctrines of Merit, Venial Sin, Purgatory, and Works of Superarrogation. What were they but so many Draw-nets, or Lime-twigs, to inveigle the Loofer and Unwary Part of Mankind in your Snares, and Lake of Perdition. After that, I need not recount the Bloody Wars we have raised, the Horrid Treasonable Plots we have Fomented, the Cruel Massacres we have caused throughout *Bohemia, England, France, and Germany* of old; and in *Ireland*, and the Vallies of *Pedemont*, of a latter Date; whereby some Millions of Innocent and Pious Souls have been by our Religious Industry, offered up as so many Victims to your Hellish Mallice. Besides this, we have of late——

Devil. Hold, hold, good Mr. *Pope*; though we allow you to Preach your Doctrine of Merit to others, you must not Boast of it to us: We acknowledg your eminent Services, nor have we been behind hand in Retaliations: Have we not advanced you to Riches, Pomp, and Glory? To the Title of Universal Bishop, and Successor of *Peter* (though you imitate him in nothing, but denying his Master?) Have we not brought you to Lord over all your fellow Bishops; and behold with contempt, Kings, and Emperors, at your Feet? Is not your Interest

and Advantage inseparably Twisted with mine? If your Doctrines or Ceremonies bring me in Souls. Do they not bring you in Mony? And when your Zeal destroys my Enemies, do you not provide for your own Safety and Grandure?

Pope. 'Tis confess *Almighty Satan!* Nor did I intend to upbraid you with our Devoirs, but to induce you thereby rather to our Assistance; For some few Ages ago a Pestilent Generation sprung up, that would pull down the whole Fabrick we so long have been Building, and Restore Religion in its primitive Beauty, strip of all those Meretricious Gayties, which at once both Replenish your Territories and our *Coffers*.

Devil. Pish, Pish, did I not Teach you long since a Medicine, called the *Inquisition*, to stop the spreading of such Leprosies.

Pope. True, but alas! It came too late, some Kingdoms were so Infected, that they cast off all subjection to our Authority, and left no hopes (at least as yet) of bringing that most Excellent Engine amongst them to reduce 'um.

Devil. In that case too, I many years ago provided thee an Expedient, by Erecting the Society of *Jesuits*, those Matchless Embroilers of Affairs, who being sent abroad, will, I doubt not, by their Learned and active Zeal, soon bring back these stragling Hereticks to Roost under the Wings of *Mother Church*, and Truckel to your Irish wooden Chair.

Pope. Upon my Holiness, your *Devilship* is egregiously mistaken, a *Jesuite*, 'tis true, about 40. or 50. years ago was a pretty sprightly Instrument; When they durst Stab a wavering Monarch, or blow up an Heretical State at a Blast. But now alas! he is grown old, Rusty and Dismetled; his very Name Odious amongst many of our own party; his prodigious Learning found but a blazing Meteor, and his Treasons, Murders, and Equivocations, Cosenages, and other Excellencies, become too over-palpable.

Devil. Your Holiness prates like an Infallible Sot, thus to disparage the most Trusty *Fanzaries* of our Empire; The duller Order *Franciscans*, and *Capuchins*, with their nasty Austerities, may amuse Melancholy Fools: But 'tis these active *Sociable Incendiaries*, must do the grand Work; who by their Oily Tongues, and Pliable Behaviour, insinuate themselves in Princes Courts, to Dive into their *Cabinet Councils*; and at the same time, Aber all Factions, to infuse Specious Principles, preparatory to our Designs, in the Head of the unwary Rabble.

Pope. True, it is all this, and more they have done; screwing themselves into the Affections of *Grandees*, as gently as Malevolent Stars dart their Influence, or Blasting Mildews slide into the Bosome of a Flower

Flower. They have varied Shapes oftner than the *Camelion* at Land, or *Polypus* at Sea; Now a Courtier, to Morrow a Souldier; then a Cobler, by and by a Weaver: A Gallant amongst the Ladies in the Park, an *Atheist* amongst the *Coffee-Wits*, and a *Quaker* at *Devonshire-House*. Yet when we thought all Cock-sure prepar'd, and doubted not but to have Stem'd the Tide of Opposition, by a Torrent from our *Romish See*: When we had laid a Plot as deep as Hell, Engaged our Confederates Abroad, and fixt our Agents at Home amongst them in every Corner, ready withall their Implements of mischief for the moment, to have Butcher'd the unsuspecting Hereticks. And having reduced *England* to our Obedience, doubted not after that Bull-work destroyed, easily to have over run the Rest in *Holland, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, &c.* (The poor *Hugonists* in *France*, we have almost destroyed already); And thus suddenly might have rooted out the odious Name of a Protestant, from the Face of the Earth; In this height of all our Hopes, an unhappy Providence spoils all; The Secret is Blabb'd abroad, our dear and pretious Children cast into bonds before the pious Execution could be done, and now the Alarm takes through the City, as fast as our Train of *Wild-fire* in *Sixty-Six*: Immediately the Pulpit Rings, and the Press Groans with Invectives against our Doctrines. All our Policies are Unravel'd, our Sacred Person exposed to Contempt, and Burnt by the *Hereticks* in *Effigy*. In brief, This most Holy Design, which we have so long been Midwifing into the World, is like to prove *Abortive*, and fatally Miscarry; unless your *Old-Dragon* subtilty, can speedily by some wonderful Stratagem, revive it to Perfection.

Devil. Be patient dear Child! and bend a litle to Fate, remember your Country Proverb, *Pians Piano*, what is said of the City, holds true of your Faith.

Non fuit in uno Condita Roma die:
Room is not built in a day.

Great Mutations require Time, be not too hasty, he goes safest that walks *Pedetentim*; Physicians never administer Remedies in the Fit; stay till this *Paroxysm* is over, way-lay Opportunity, and Learn to Sail with every wind. In the mean time follow me to the next Arbour, where we will prepare Instructions for our *Emissaries* abroad as we conceive most convenient in the present juncture. Hereupon laying their Heads together for an hour, like the *Toad* lending poyson to the *Viper*, their teeming Inventions were delivered of the following By-blow.

INSTRUCTIONS to be pursued by all Nuncio's, Jesuits, Priests, Laysticklers, and other Factors of the See of Room, for facilitating the Re-establishment of Popery in Heretical Countries.

r Imprimis. You shall make the Advancement of the Romish Church your Pole-Star. The Center whereto all your words and Actions tend, For attaining which end, you shall bank no means be they never so unjust or Abominable, for he that thinks Fraud cannot be Pious or Piety, fraudulent is a Short-ear'd Ass, and was never bottom'd in School Divinity.

2. You shall discover or conceal your Religion, as best suits your conveniences, and rather than loose a good place for want of a renunciatory Oath, you shall have from us Dispensations and Pardons *gratis*, to Indemnify your Souls: So that, you may take what-ever Oath or Tests shall be tendred to you. Nay, you may go to their Churches, participate of their Sacraments, &c. You know, we have Power to Absolve you: And that against Hereticks, and for the good of the Church, all Things are Lawful.

3. Let nothing Daunt or Balk you: *Hac non successu Aliâ Tentandum est viâ*; Where you cannot Shoot, *Stabb*; and where neither of them, are there not *Poisons* to be had? Sure Doctor Lopez left some Heirs: A Pillow, well-manag'd, may do the Feat without Noise, or burning the Villains in their Beds. Alas! There are Twenty *Catholicks* Ways to Kill an Heretical Dog, without either Hanging him, or Cutting his Throat: Your Resolution in this kind, after the three or four more Examples, will keep the Slaves in awe; that no Body will dare speak a word against our Designs, on pain of Death. But I charge you, Act wiser than formerly; pretend not a Man strangled himself, and then run four Miles afterwards, to Stab himself in a Ditch. I hope, you have found a safer way to dispose of others, since that they may never be heard of.

4. Let your deportment be complaisant, even to servile Flattery; Court your very Enemies with the most obliging Language, and Protestations of kindness, Kiss those hands you would cut off, and Hug him you cannot Hang, at least until you can; still fashion your selves to the humour of the present Company, as the light is round in the Sun, in the fire *Pyramidal*. If any recommend Liberty of Conscience, do you straight cry out against Persecution, and laugh not for a world, but remember you are yet a while to play the Foxes and Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing: 'Tis hereafter in the Inquisition you are to act the parts of Lyon Rampant.

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5. In Private Discourses you shall passionately bewail the Variety of Sects and Opinions amongst *Protestants*, (yet still promote such Differences what you can) representing the Difficulty of *Scriptures* to be understood: How every *Heretic* seeks Protection there; and a thousand different Judgements vouch their Warrant from the same Text. Hence you shall take occasion, slyly to magnifie the *Unity of Rome*, (though indeed there's no such thing): That without a Judge, there can be no Accision; without *Infalibility*, no Certainty; and consequently, no *Security*. That such as skip the *Pale* of the Church, are alwayes in a Roeling Condition; and, like a Floating Island, or Sea-Weeds, know not where to take, or how to keep Root; yet still perswade People, there's no danger of *Popery*; no Designe, to introduce it: That such a Charge is Ridiculous to imagine; impossible, to be accomplisht, &c. When Men sleep, is the only time to sow Tares; Security dwells next door to Ruin.

6. Study profoundly Humours and Interests; To the Poor, magnify *Papish Charity*, and the Noble House-keeping of old: To Young Scholars, the Learning of the *Jesuites*, and the Excellent Method and Discipline of their Schools beyond the Seas: To the Debauch'd, represent the Moderation of your Church, in voting the wanton Sillies of Nature, (as *Whoredom*, *Adultery*, *Incest*, and *Sodomy*) but Venial *Peccadillies*; and granting Indulgencies at easie Rates, for great Crimes.

7. Promote that Laudable Designe of *Atheism*, which you have already so hopefully begun: For those that have no regard for any Religion, to be sure, will never oppose one that is so fitted for their turn, and near of Kin (in effect) to their present Sentiments.

8. You shall more industriously spread your Nets for the Rich and the Great: Who being most allied to the World, are aptest to comply with any Religion that's thriving. Besides the Influence of their Example and Power on the *Domesticks*, *Relations*, and *Dependants*: For you may see, when the Tide turns, all the Ships at Anchor in the River, presently change Head for Sterne.

9. A Miracle, now and then may do well amongst the Vulgar, but cautiously: 'Tis a Subtle Eagle-ey'd Age; Be sure therefore, prepare your Counterfeit; that is to be possesst very well: And your Hand Invisible, juggling Hair clearly.

Lastly, Forget not our *Primitive Policy*, in tempting Eve first; Prose-lite the *Women*, and let them alone to draw in the *Men*: There is no Devil to the *Shee-Devil*: They long since brought the *Strongest* of Men to Ruin, and the *Wisest* to Idolatry. Our more Private Directions

rections for Murthering Princes, Burning Heretical Cities, &c. We shall Inspire you with, in Person, and now conclude with our Joynt *Benediction*.

May your Foreheads be as Walls of *Corinthian Brass*, your Tongues tipt with *Syrens* Musique, and your *Ignis fatuus* lead all *Europe*.

Given at *Rome* this 9th. of *November*, S. V. in the year of Hells Confusion, 1678. Signed with the Devils Paw, and the Seal of the *Fisher*.

Having dispatch't away these instructions by an Infernal Carrier, They both fell a *Quaffing* some full Bowls of English Martyrs Blood, reserv'd ever since *Queen Maries* days, for the *Popes* own Mornings Draughts, and being pritty well heated, were beginning healths to his *Holiness*, and the whole *Conclave*, and *success* to their Pious design of *Murdering the King*, and all his Protestant Subjects: But that Repeated News of a further discovery of their Hellish Plot, marr'd the Frolique, and the manner of their Inhumane Cruelty Committed on the Innocent Body of the renowned English Patriot, Sir *Edmund-Bury-Godfrey*, and diverse other of their Correspondencies, and Intrigues being now Detected; and the Resolution and Zeal of his Majesty, with the Unanimous Courage of his great Council, and People in General to preserve and maintain the Protestant Religion, with their Lives and Fortunes: These Tydings I say, damp't their Mirth, and caused them to depart with Murmurings and Curses; whilst a true Protestant who over heard their Consultation, and gladly beholds that blessed Disappointment, thus Expressed his Joy:

*Curs'd Rome! Though thy bold Factors thus Conspire,
By treacherous Murthers, and Clandestine Fire
To work our Ruin; though force and fraud should joyn,
And all Hells Imps abet the black design,
In England, to Eclipse the Gospel-Light,
And Re-involve us in Egyptian Night:
Your subtilest Plots shall ever vain be found,
To build up that which Heav'n will have thrown down.
Wee'll still defend our King; despise the Pope }
And understanding well their Traiterous scope, }
Reward each Romish Agent with a Rope.
Come on you Ghostly Vermine, pray why faint ye?
At Tyburn Cross, Ketch stands prepar'd to Saint ye.*

F I N I S